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The Year's Entertainments.

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THE INSTRUCTOR SERIES OF ENTERTAINMENTS

THE
YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

APRIL

A Collection of Recitations, Dialogues, Songs,
Exercises, Etc., Arranged as Programs
for Special Days and Occasions,
Providing for Each Month
of the School Year

Compiled and Arranged by
INEZ N. McFEE

36218

1909

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING CO.
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PREFACE

I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—
Montaigne.

THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS has been compiled with the expectation that it will prove to be truly a help to teachers in providing suitable material for Friday Afternoon Exercises, for celebrating Special Days, and for commemorating the birth of noted authors. It contains a great abundance of material in the form of Recitations, Readings, Dialogues, Songs, Exercises, Quotations, etc. The material is largely arranged under the specimen programs given, which include suggestions for Schoolroom Decoration and general directions for successful production.

For convenience the book is arranged according to months, and issued in parts, as well as in complete form.

Great utility will be found in the book even for those who do not wish to celebrate the Special Days or follow complete programs. The amount and quality of the contents affords a treasure house for Friday Afternoon Exercises of a miscellaneous character, General Rhetoricals and Entertainments which will be thoroughly utilized and highly appreciated by the busy teacher.

The Memory Gems and Quotations furnished for every month, are of themselves a feature of much value, and susceptible of varied uses.

"Read, and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself."

I. N. McF.

LISCOMB, IOWA.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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We wish to make particular mention of the ready kindness of A. Flanagan & Co., in allowing us the valued privilege of quoting many beautiful songs from Hanson's Song Series:—Golden Glees, Silvery Notes, Merry Melodies, Merry Songs, Primary and Calisthenic Songs, Victorious Songs, and New Century Songs.

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NOTE—Any of the Music Books mentioned in connection with the songs in these pages can be furnished by the Publishers of this book.

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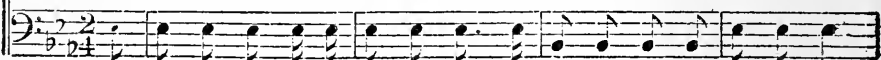
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APRIL

The Birdies' Ball



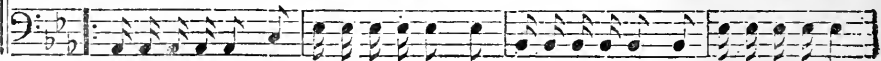
1. Spring once said to the night-in-gale, I mean to give you birds a ball;
2. Soon they came from bush and tree, Singing sweet their songs of glee:
3. The cuckoo and wren they danced for life, The raven waltz'd with the yellow-bird's wife, The



Pray, ma'am, ask the bird-ies all; The birds and bird - ies, great and small!
 Each one fresh from its co-sy nest; Each one drest in its Sun - day best.
 awk-ward owl, and the bashful jay, Wished each other a "very good day."



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.



THE YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENTS

APRIL

April! April! Are You Here?

April! April! are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
O, how green the grass is growing!
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?
See how fair the flowers are springing
Sun is warm and brooks are clear,
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!
April, April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!
Though your smiling turn to weeping,
Though your skies grow cold and drear,
Though your gentle winds are sleeping!
April! April! you are here!

—Dora Read Goodale.

Memory Gems

"Hark, how the blackbird whistles!
Hark, how the song-sparrow trills!
What are they calling with snowflakes
falling
And April cold on the hills?
And what is the chick-a-dee saying?
And what do the bluebirds mean?
You'd think by their playing, they'd all
come Maying,
When hardly a border is green.
Ho, ho! they are as wise as merry,
They know what the sun is about:
And all without worry, they twitter and
hurry
Inviting the flowers to come out.

"I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day."

"Up, Up! the blackbirds say,
Tulip and lily and sweet daffodilly,
Awake for the coming of May;
Up with the sunrise myths,

Open your eyes so blue!
Fleur-de-lis, violet, quick to your toilet,
The bluebird is calling you,
Chick-a-dee talks to the wind-flower,-
'Ho, brave little fellow, awake!
The North-wind, blowing, may bite you
in going
But the sun has a kiss for your sake.'
Song-sparrow twitters in singing,—
'Peep from your leaf-hidden nest,
Sweetly salute us, darling arbutus
Baby on April's breast.'"

"In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.
'Wake!' said the sunshine
'And creep to the light,'
'Wake!' said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be."

"Up from the smiling earth,
Comes there a voice of mirth,
Our hearts to cheer;
Listen where willows lean,
Lovingly o'er the stream,
Listen, where the pine trees dream,
Springtime is here.

"Let us sing merrily,
Blithely and cheerily,
With the new year;
Join in the chorus,
Loud swelling o'er us;
Joy is before us,
Springtime is here."

Suggested Poems and Stories

For the Teacher's Reading and for Discussion with the Pupils:—

April—*Samuel Longfellow.*

The Voice of the Grass—*S. R. Boyle.*

Robin's Come—*W. W. Caldwell.*

The Bluebird—*T. B. Aldrich.*

The O'Lincoln Family—*W. Flagg.*

Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line—*Biglow Papers, No. Six. Lowell.*

Now the Noisy Winds are Still. An April Girl. Out of the Sky—*Mrs. Dodge*
"When Life is Young."

A Song of Spring. A Spring Meeting. April Showers. In April—*Lovejoy's "Nature in Verse."*

April. Robin's Apology. In the Orchard—*F. D. Sherman.*

Sir Robin. Sister and Bluebird.—*Lucy Larcom.*

April—*H. H. Jackson.*

The First Flowers—*Whittier.*

April Day. Return of Spring—*Longfellow.*

Early Spring—*Tennyson.*

Return of the Birds—*Bryant.*

A Song of Easter. The Robin. In the Lilac Bush (a robin)—*Celia Thaxter.*

Robin. Bluebird—*Emily Dickinson.*

Robin Badfellow. Robin. A Mystery. The Crows. How the Flowers Grow. Rain in Spring. Spring Time—*From "In the Child World" by Gabriel Setoun.*

Story of Easter—*Bible.*

Parable of the Sower—*Bible.*

Myths and Fairy Tales:—

Awakening Life.

Persephone.

Sleeping Beauty.

Idun and her Apples.

Siegfried and Brunhilde.

Wooing of Gerd.

Flower Myths and Stories:—

Narcissus.

For Picture Study

Easter Morning, (809). He is Risen, (815)—*Plockhorst.*

Easter Morning, (798). The Marys at the Sepulchre, (797z)—*Hoffman.*

Mary Magdalene at Sepulchre, (962)—*Burne-Jones.*

The Resurrection, (216)—*Gaddi.*

Holy Women at the Tomb, (3330)—*Ender.*

Feeding the Hens, (520)—*Millet.*

Nature Pictures (Colored) of native birds and flowers.

" 'Oh, tell us little flower', we cried,
 'How dared you come so soon?
 The winds are cold. The other flowers
 Will scarce be here till June.'

" 'I came to tell you how God's care
 Had kept the tiny seed,
 And that he cares much more for you.
 Will you my message heed?'"

While the lily dwells in earth,
 Walled about with crumbling mould,
 She the secret of her birth
 Guesses not, nor has been told.

Hides the brown bulb in the ground
 Knowing not she is a flower;
 Knowing not she shall be crowned
 As a queen, with white-robed power.

* * * * *

Lo, the unfolding mystery!
 We shall bloom, some wondrous hour,
 As the lily blooms, when she
 Dies a bulb to live a flower!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Mary

She walked amid the lilies
 Upstanding straight and tall,
 Their silver tapers bright again—
 The dusky mountain wall;
 Gray olives dropped upon her
 Their crystal globes of dew,
 The while the doors of heaven grew wide
 To let the Easter through.

All heaven was rose and golden,
 The clouds were reft apart,
 Earth's holiest dawn in dazzling white
 Came forth from heaven's own heart;
 And never since on Eden
 Creation's glory lay
 Had ever garden of the Lord
 Beheld so fair a day.

Her eyes were blurred with weeping,
 Her trailing steps were slow;
 The cross she bore within her
 Transfixed her soul with woe.
 One only goal before her
 Loomed through her spirit's gloom,
 As in the early morning
 She sought the guarded tomb.

But down the lilled pathway
 A kingly presence came,
 A seamless garment clothed Him,
 His face was clear as flame,

And in his hands were nail-prints,
 And on his brow were scars,
 But in His eyes a light of love
 Beyond the light of stars.

For tears she could not see Him,
 As o'er the path He came,
 Till, like remembered music,
 He called her by her name;
 Then swift her soul to answer,
 The Lord of life she knew,
 Her breast unbarred its prison gates
 To let the Easter through

Such light of revelation
 As bathed her being then,
 It comes anew wherever Christ
 Is known indeed of men;
 Such glory on the pathway,
 It falls again on all
 Who hear the King in blessing,
 And hasten at His call.

Rise, King of grace and glory,
 This hallowed Easter-tide,
 Nor from Thy ransomed people
 Let even death divide;
 For yet again doth heaven
 Throw all its gates apart,
 And send the sacred Easter
 Straight from its glowing heart.

—*Selected.*

Easter—An Acrostic

E is for the blessed Easter.
 A is the joy of all men.
 S is for sweet carols.
 T is our beautiful thought.
 E is for earnest words.
 R is our risen Lord.

Endless Glory

Early dew and gentle rain,
 Flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
 Joyous birds on pinions fair,
 Gliding thro' the balmy air:

Chorus—

Praise the Lord, our God and King,
 Let the earth his wonders sing,
 Let his mighty works proclaim
 Endless glory to His name.

Sun and moon whose luster bright
 Rules the day and cheers the night,
 Years and seasons as ye roll,
 Stars that shine from pole to pole.

Chorus.

Angels beck'ning to His will,
Round His throne attending still,
All ye heav'nly hosts above,
Singing your great Creator's love.

Chorus.

Easter Flowers

(The speaker should carry a basket of flowers which should be placed in a prominent place at the close of the recitation.)

Messages of God's dear love
Do these flowers bear;
He who with a gracious hand
Gives these colors rare
Will remember you and me
With as true a care.

So I bring love's offering
On this Easter Day,
Flowers fair that to each heart
Softly seem to say:
"Death no more can over you
Hold eternal sway."

As the tender plants escaped
From the pris'ning mold,
So has Christ death's bondage burst,

Death so grim and cold.
Thus I think the message true
That these blossoms hold.

—Clara J. Denton.

Ring Happy Bells

(A Concert Recitation)

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!
The world is glad to hear your chime.
Across wide fields of melting snow,
The winds of summer softly blow
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
The world takes up your chant sublime;
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime!
The Lord is risen! We die no more!
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us while to Him we climb,
At Easter-time.

—Lucy Larcom.

Legend of Easter Eggs

Trinity bells, with their hollow lungs,
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God rewarded—
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
And piously tomb'd it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup, —
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of fears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery;
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.
Notes climbed on notes, till higher, higher
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest,—
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

—*Fitzjames O'Brien.*

Easter

Oh! the lilies are white in the Easter light,
The lilies with hearts of gold;
And they silently tell with each milk-white bell,
The story an Angel told.

And they've whispered it long to the weak and the strong,
The rich and poor among men;
Each Easter day till time dies away
They will tell the tale again.

In the tomb new-made where the Christ was laid,
The Angel told the story,
Of how he rose from death's repose,
The Son of Eternal Glory.

—*Margaret Jordan.*

Nature's Easter Music

The flowers from the earth have arisen,
 They are singing their Easter-song;
 Up the valleys and over the hillsides
 They come, an unnumbered throng.
 Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing
 Their beautiful songs without words!
 They are pouring the soul of their music
 Through the voices of happy birds.
 Every flower to a bird has confided
 The joy of its blossoming birth—
 The wonder of its resurrection
 From its grave in the frozen earth.
 For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
 Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!
 Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
 Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.
 The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
 The goldfinch's twitter reveals;
 And the violet trills, through the bluebird,
 Of the heaven that within her she feels.
 The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
 Is born in the heart of the rose—
 Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
 Afraid of belated snows.
 And the melody of the wood-thrush
 Floats up from the nameless and shy
 White blossoms that stay in the cloister
 Of pine-forests, dim and high.
 The dust of the roadside is vocal;
 There is music from every clod,
 Bird and breeze are wild-flowers' angels,
 Their messages bearing to God.
 'We arise and we praise him together!'
 With a flutter of petal and wings,
 The anthem of spirits immortal
 Rings back from created things.
 And nothing is left wholly speechless;
 For the dumbest life that we know

May utter itself through another
 And double its gladness so!

The trees have the winds to sing for them;
 The rock and the hill have the streams;
 And the mountain the thunderous torrents
 That waken old Earth from her dreams.

She awakes to the Easter music;
 Her bosom with praise overflows;
 The forest breaks forth into singing,
 For the desert has bloomed as the rose.

And whether in trances of silence
 We think of our Lord arisen,
 Or whether we carol with angels
 At the open door of his prison,

He will give us an equal welcome
 Whatever the tribute we bring;
 For to Him who can read the heart's music
 To blossom with love is to sing.

—Lucy Larcom.

Easter Time

(Concert Recitation)

Willow branches whit'ning
 'Neath the April skies;
 Sodden meadows bright'ning,
 Where the warm sun lies,
 Robin Redbreast swinging,
 In a tree top high,
 Swollen brooklets singing—
 Easter draweth nigh!

Tender fledgelings hushing
 Eager to take wing;
 Trees and hedges flushing
 With the joy of spring.

Crocus buds up-springing
 Through the cold dark sward,
 Living incense bringing
 To the risen Lord.

—Mary M. Redmond.

The Star That Became a Lily

Once a beautiful star came down to earth. For a long time it had watched the children at play in the green fields, and the star said, "I love those little Red children. I would like to go down and live with them."

So one night the star shot down, down, till at last it stood out upon a big plain. The people in the wigwam village saw it, and ran to look at it.

"I have come, O good people," said the star, "to dwell with you on the earth. I love to watch you in your wigwams. I love to see you make your birch canoes. I love to watch your children at their play. Tell me, then, where I may dwell. It must be where I can see you all, and where at night I can look up to my home in the skies."

Then one chief said, "Dwell here upon the mountain top; where you can overlook the plain. The clouds will come down and rest upon the high peaks, and each morning you may greet the sun."

"Dwell here upon the hillsides," said another chief, "for there the flowers grow brightest, and the sun is warmest."

"Dwell in the forests," said a third chief, "for there the sweet violets grow, and the air is cool, and the smell of spruce is in the air."

But the star thought the mountain was too far away, as it could not see the children from such a height, and it was they it wanted to be near. The hillside, too, the star thought, was far away, and the forest, it was sure, was too dark and dreary.

But one day, the star saw a beautiful little lake. The water was very clear, — one could see the skies and the clouds in it. At night the stars shone down into its waters. The water was soft and warm, and the star was pleased to see it ripple and dance. It liked to see the sunlight glimmer on the waters.

The children loved the lake, too; they played all day on its banks, and often paddled out upon it with their little canoes.

"I will dwell right here," the star said, "for then I can be near the children."

And so, when the sun had set, the star floated down upon the waters. It sent its rays way down beneath the waters; and the Red children are sure these rays took root. Perhaps they did, for sure enough, the very next morning there was a beautiful lily upon the waters. Its roots reached away down into the rich earth, its petals were pure white, and it had a heart of rich yellow gold.

"No flower has a perfume so sweet," the children cried.

Then they rowed out to look at it.

"It is the star," the children said; "it will dwell with us forever, and we will call it the Lily Star." Then the children rowed back to the shore. They did not pluck the lily, but each morning they went to see it.

"Dear, beautiful lily!" they would say.

By and by it opened wide its petals; and the air was filled with sweetness.

Then other lilies grew up around it; and after a time these Water Lilies, or Lily Stars, as the children called them, were floating on the waters of the lakes everywhere — *Stories of the Red Children, Dorothy Brooks.*

Easter Bells

Hark! The Easter Bells are ringing
To and fro,

Notes of joy and comfort bringing
Sweet and low.

Up from the tomb wherein He lay,
Came the Saviour this blest day,

Ridding the sorrowing on their way
Forward go.

Hark! The Easter Bells are swelling
Loud and clear;

Over plain and valley telling
Christ is here.

Death at last has lost its sting,
The grave no more dark horrors bring,

While the happy Seraphs sing
Hymns of cheer.

Hark! The Easter Bells are chiming
Here and there,

Praising, praying, pulsing, rhyming
Through the air.

"Now, may every sin be shaven,
Every heart from doubt be riven,

Since our Lord this day is Risen,"
Men declare.

Hark! The Easter Bells are ringing,
To and fro,

While the angelic choirs are singing
Sweet and low.

Let peace and love your hearts adorn,
Let not sorrow on your brow be worn,

On this Resurrection Morn
Paeans flow.

—*Susan Kennick.*

Easter Lilies

"Gather the lilies," the minister said,
And little maid Marjorie raised her head.
"Gather sweet lilies of love, to bring
And lay at the feet of our risen King!"
Little maid Marjorie lifted her eyes,
Bright with the light of a glad surprise,
To the minister's kind and beaming face,
As he uttered these words of truth and grace.

'Twas Easter morn, and Marjorie knew,
As she sat so still in the high-backed pew,
That Jesus, the Son of God, had risen,
And entered in glory into heaven.
And her heart was glad this Easter day,
For here she had suddenly found a way
To honor the Lord who loved her so,
And had died that she to heaven might go.

So after the last short prayer was said,
Back to her home she quickly sped,
And up to her own dear little room,
Where, by a window, all in bloom,
Two Easter lilies, white and fair,
Drank in the sunshine and soft spring air,
And seemed to be singing a silent song
To the Lord of heaven this Easter morn

Little maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim,
But she softly said: "It is all for Him!"
And she plucked the blossoms, and turned
away,

Though a tear in one waxen chalice lay.
Then down the steps to the street she went,
On her errand of love and duty bent,
And the passers-by looked up and smiled
At sight of the lilies and the child.

Suddenly little maid Marjorie turned,
And her tender heart with pity burned,
For a cripple boy stood at her side,
And with wistful glances the lilies eyed.
She looked from him to the blossoms fair—
"Surely the blessed Christ will spare
One of these flowers for the cripple boy
Who knows so little of love and joy."

So, with a smile of tender grace,
She raised her eyes to the thin, pale face.
"Here, take this lily; 'tis all for you!"
Then on her way to the church she flew.
She softly ascended the old stone steps,
And entered the building with parted lips
And two little hands that tightly pressed
The one white blossom against her breast.

'Twas all so still that the little maid
Was almost tempted to be afraid,
When out of the silence deep she heard
The words, "Be merciful, O Lord."
And little maid Marjorie saw the form

Of a woman in garments old and worn,
Who knelt in tears at the altar rail,
With lips that murmured a pitiful tale.

Marjorie went to the woman's side:
"O, please be happy this Easter-tide!
Here, take this lily, and may God bless
And fill your heart with joyfulness."
The woman smiled through her tearful eyes,
And gradually hushed her bitter sighs;
But sweet maid Marjorie's eyes grew dim—
"I have left no lilies to give to him!"

O, dear maid Marjorie, angels sing
The song of your lilies before the King;
He knows the love that would fain have
given,
And treasures remembrance up in heaven.
Have you forgotten the words of love
That He left us before He went above?
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," said He,
"Ye did it, My brethren, unto Me!"

—Alice Garland Steele

Nature's Greeting

The birdies came up from the Southland
And found that the winter was gone,
And they said, "We must see about singing
For Easter is coming on."

The flowers awoke in the forest
And they found that the skies were clear,
And they said, "We must see about bloom-
ing
For Easter will soon be here."

The leaves all came out on the elm tree
And danced with the breezes in glee,
And they said, "We must see about growing,
Easter is coming you see."

The birdies called down to the flowers,
"O say, will our singing now do?"
And the flowers all smiled back in answer,
And nodded it was so true.

And the leaves cried out to the birdies,
"O say, do you think we grow?"
And they all, looking down from the
branches,
Cried, "Indeed you do, we know."

Then the flowers looked up from the
mosses—

"O how is our blooming, we pray!"
And the birds and the leaves, they all
answered,
" 'Tis lovely, lovely," cried they!

And so on the bright Easter morning
When the world was waking to rise,
In the song, "He is risen, is risen,"
Their chorus rang to the skies

Again

(For Three Children)

First Child—

Again the Spring! Again the Easter Lily!
 Again the soft warm air with odors rife;
 Again the tender green on hill and valley:
 Again the miracle of risen life!

Second Child—

Again from the dark mold of their entombing,
 In all their lovely robes of radiant hue,
 The crocus and the violet are blooming,
 The self-same flowers our earliest childhood knew.

Third Child—

Again the birds in joyous flocks are winging,
 Chirping their songs of love and resting days;
 Again the sound of happy children singing,
 Along the lanes and in the woodland ways.

All—

Hark! "Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Christ, the Lord, hath risen today."

An Easter Lily

'Tis dawn in Palestine. The morning stars
 Have sung themselves away, like dying swans.
 A winged glory flutters in the east,
 And rising, sweeps its pinions up the sky
 Like some great bird-of-paradise. In haste
 A glad young breeze lifts up the heavy heads
 Of dreaming flowers, and wakes them with a kiss.
 No time for sleeping now! The day has come—
 And such a day as never broke, on earth,
 Before! The world's first Easter morn, which is
 To tear the veil of mystery from Death
 And show its face to be not Death, but Life!
 A birth into a richer, grander life,
 Of which earth's deepest joys are but the types
 And misty shadowings. There lies the clue
 To God's great secret, and upon this day
 He gives the key into the hand of man!

Along yon dust-white stretch of road, and thro'
 The singing, scented, dawn-kissed fields, there comes
 A woman, hast'ning from the city gates,
 White-robed and flinging back her veil to cool
 Her fevered face against the flower-sweet breath
 And soft caresses of the morning air;
 A face both beautiful and piteous,
 Whose eyes—that once intoxicated half
 Jerusalem—have had their madd'ning power
 Washed out by many bitter tears, and now
 Like limpid pools in shadowy hollows lie,
 Life's blue sky screened forever from their sight
 By interlacing foliage of pain.
 The dawn rays twine their fingers in her hair,
 Whose gold-bright meshes fling their dazzle back

Like answering smiles. It is the Magdalen—
Her story, like her face, most deeply sad,
Yet strangely, marvelously beautiful!

A hurricane of passion had engulfed
Her dawning maidenhood, and swept it out—
A poor, frail bark—upon life's blackest sea,
Where myriad monsters sought to drag it down,
Until the voice of him of Nazareth
Cried, "Peace!" and stilled the tempest suddenly.
As some crushed, half-wrecked vessel is drawn in,
At last, to quiet haven—so her soul,
Storm-tossed, a wreck indeed, found anchorage
In that great port of peace, the Master's love.
All lesser loves were naught—this soul touched hers
With holy hands, and lo! that touch of fire
Consumed the outer robe of vileness, showed
Her white within—and from her drew sweet chords
Of music, like the play of master-hands
Upon an organ's keys. Poor Magdalen!
One look into that pure face taught her all;
As by a lightning-flash she read her past—
A nightmare, evermore! She saw the thing
Called life, and what it means; and love became
Far grander than her heart had dreamed. 'Twas God!
And therefore pure and fair as his own flowers.

Her woman-soul found, then, its power of speech,
Its long-sought utterance. A perfect love
Had stretched its hands to clasp her groping ones,
And she was saved! The glory blinded her,
But she could follow on, her hand held fast
In that strong hand that ne'er would fail her now.
So dreamed she sadly, heeding not the words
The Master spoke of coming cross and death,
Till those sad warnings were fulfilled, indeed,
With awful suddenness! At first half-stunned—
Then waked to anguish by his sufferings
Which held her at his side in breathless woe
Thro' those long, tortured hours of Calvary—
She lost her faith, her hope—all, save her love.
That lived, and broke her heart, when his did break
Upon the cross!

'Tis over, now—the joy
That has transformed her life in these last years—
Ay, buried there with that dear form which she
Helped lay away within the new-made tomb.
Some of the Master's followers had dreamed
Of earthly kingdom, earthly king, and they
His loyal, loving ministers; and some
Had hoped for mysteries, and glorious sights
And miracles—for heaven on earth; but she
She had but loved him, found in him her heaven,
Her perfect peace and rest and sympathy!

Now he is gone, and she once more adrift
Upon a world that mocks her and derides.
What wonder that, in this sweet Easter dawn—
Though, yet, it differs not from other dawns—
To her—she hastens, 'mid the waking flowers

And glad-voiced birds, to that fair garden-spot
Of peace, where rests the well-beloved dead,
And flies from living men, to find sad joy
In leaning her poor head against the stone
That holds her all! And it, perchance, she find
Some kind, strong hand to roll away the stone,
'Twill soften much her pain to lay fresh spice
And ointment on the body of her Lord.

But look! Some other has been here—the stone
Is down—the tomb yawns widely! Mary stops,
A dumb fear clutching at her heart, and casts
One swift look 'round the slumbrous burial-spot.
Yes, quite alone;—no creature near, save birds
And fresh-robed flowers;—a scene of utter peace.
She starts—then falters—hastens on again,
And stooping, trembling, looks into the tomb.
Empty! "O God!" "O God!"—The body gone,
The poor, pierced body of her soul's beloved!
Gone—vanished—leaving not a trace or sign,
Save folded grave-clothes lying by themselves!
What hands have stol'n him forth? What rough, base hands
And wherefore?—Who can bear him malice now,
Or seek to further harm that loving heart
Their hate has tortured, broken, slowly stilled!

It is too much, this last drop in the cup!
Her frail form, shaken with wild, gasping sobs,
Sways like a wind-torn blossom to the ground;
The darkest hour of her soul's despair
Enfolds her in its icy arms, and blinds
Her to the breaking of the day of joy
Which draws so near—is, even now, at hand!

A subtle tremor thro' the garden steals—
A sigh of sudden, hushed expectancy,
As tho' the leaves and flowers held their breath.
For lo! there stands a Presence in their midst,
Who smiles upon them with the eyes of God!
They recognize him, and reach out soft hands
To touch him, as young children show their love.
But he has heard the agonized heart-cry
Of you poor broken flower of womanhood,
And passes softly, swiftly to her side.

"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"—the words
Fall sweetly, yet on dull, unheeding ears.
She sees him with but poor, tear-blinded eyes.
And thro' the gold haze of her falling hair,
A quiv'ring sigh breaks from her; "Ah!" she moans,
"They've ta'en away my Lord, and I know not
Where they have laid him!" Then—one last faint hope
Quick-springing in her heart—"O sir, if thou
Hast borne him hence, I pray thee tell me where
Thou'st laid him; then will I—yea, even I,
With these weak woman-hands—take up my Lord
And carry him away to some forgotten spot,
Where never foot of enemy shall come
To trouble him; where only flowers, and birds,
And the soft, dreaming eyes of the far stars
Shall watch his earthly resting-place; and where,

On silent, moon-white nights, or in some dawn
 As freshly radiant as this, may steal
 Those few poor souls who love his memory
 And can not long be absent from his side!"

The shaking voice grows faint, again with tears,
 The trembling form droops lower at the feet
 Of the white Majesty she scarcely sees.
 And then—like sudden music sweeping thro'
 The solemn hush of great cathedral aisles,
 The voice of the dear Crucified and Risen
 Sweeps thro' the dumb soul of the Magdalen
 With one sweet "Mary!"—How it echoes down
 The world's dim centuries, and grandly strikes
 An answering chord in every woman's breast
 That thrills beneath its touch! The voice of God—
 Which calls vast worlds and systems into life,
 And is the perfect music of all time,
 Speaks, now, one simple woman's simple name
 In tones that knit all woman-hearts to him
 Forevermore, because of the love-note
 Of tender, comprehending sympathy
 That vibrates through them! Ah, dear Lord, she knows
 Thee now! And every woman, in the years
 To come, will know thee—recognize thy voice
 As speaking unto her own hungry soul,
 In that one soft word "Mary," uttered here!

So finds the Magdalen her Eastertide;
 Nor fails its glory on her heart, alone—
 But, thro' the wide-flung windows of her soul,
 Streams out across futurity, to light
 The paths of all her sorrowing sisterhood
 Amid the twilight shadows of the world.
 Hail, Easter Morn! All hail, dear Son of God!
 For, with thee, woman rises from the dead—
 First Easter lily of thy gathering!

—Margaret Grace Wilson, in "The Interior."

[illegible]

Spare the Trees

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

Friends and parents gather with us,
In our school today.
Thoughts of groves and tangled wildwoods
In our minds hold sway.

Chorus—

Spare the trees, oh thoughtless woodman,
Hew but what you need,
They give balms to vagrant breezes,
For their lives we plead.

Giant oaks in sunny pastures
Cast their pleasant shade.
Maples clad in gold and crimson
Cheer the darkened glade.
Lofly firs and murmuring pine trees
Shading mountain's crest,
Are the growth of weary ages;
For them we protest.
Heralded in leafy banners,
Seasons four, we greet;
Every bough a sacred temple
For the song birds sweet.

Arbor Day Quotations

Now is the time to visit Nature in her grand attire.—*Lowell*.Nature is the volume of which God is the author.—*Harvey*.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth*.

No man hath ever known or said
How many there may be,
But each tree helpeth to make a shade;
Each leaf to make a tree.

—*Holmes*.

A man who plants a tree and cares for it, has added at least his mite to God's creation.—*Lucy Larcom*.

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life,—this is the commonest delight of the race and the most satisfactory thing one can do.—*Warner*.

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom*.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong.

—*Stoddard*.

There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.—*Holmes*.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

—*Morris*.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine.

—*Milton*.The tree of the field is man's life.—*Bible*.

Springtime

Children come on stage at left rear, cross to right, from right rear diagonally to left front, back to left rear, diagonally to right front, across front, where they stand, sing and recite.

After reciting, pass from left front to left rear, diagonally to right front, back to

right rear, diagonally to left front, to left rear and off stage.

Sing. (Tune: Yankee Doodle.)

Welcome to the Springtime dear,
Birds and blossoms coming,
Filling hearts with right good cheer
And with pleasant sunshine.

(Children wear letters made of evergreen
or green paper.)

S

Shushers in delightful Spring,
How many pleasures she will bring.

P

Pussy Willows now are peeping
From the cots where they've been sleeping.

R

Robin Redbreast clears his throat
To trill for us his sweetest note.

I

And 'tis now the Insects waken
From the long, long sleep they've taken.

N

N is for Nests and nesting time
When birds return from warmer clime.

G

Green springs the Grass o'er meadow-land
When April fairies wave their wand.

T

The grand old Trees, we learn today,
Are monarchs of our Arbor Day.

(If not desired for Arbor Day recitation,
this verse may be substituted for letter T.)

The Trees in dress of freshest green
Tall monarchs are of stateliest mien.

I

Spring's Infant blossoms, birds and bees
Are waiting warmer sun and breeze.

M

One sign of spring we know full well,
When Maple buds begin to swell.

E

Earth dons her robes of brightest green
A fresher world was never seen.

(The children sing the same stanza as at
the beginning and pass off stage, according
to diagram and directions.)

—May R. Collins.

Sugar Season*



Here we come with shouts and buckets,
Spoons and kettles, every one;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the sap's begun to run.

Horses crunch across the snowpaths,
Loaded sleds of sap they pull;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the pails are brimming full.

Sap in kettles, watch it bubble,
Try it, see the fine threads coil;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And the sap's begun to boil.

Sugar cakes—all sorts and sizes—
See, our little ba-kets hold;
What's the reason?
Sugar season,
And our sugar must be sold.

*Used by special permission of the author and composer, Alice E. Allen and Chas. E. Boyd.

Apple Seed John

Poor Johnny was bended well-nigh double
With years of care, and toil, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;
"I, who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply awhile,
Then over his features gleamed a smile;
And he clapped his hands with childish
glee,
And said to himself, "There's a way for
me!"

He worked and he worked with might and
main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took the ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the ores.

With a bag full of cores he wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag
untied.

With pointed cane, deep holes he would
bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well and left them there,
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass;
But often, when sinking to sleep in the
dark,
He heard the owls hoot and prairie-dogs
bark.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and
meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sang right well;
He tossed up the babes and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty in work or play,
Men, women and boys all urged him to
stay;
But he always said, "I have something to
do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him
round,
Soon found what it was that he put in the
ground;
And so, as time passed, and he traveled on,
Every one called him, "Old Apple-Seed
John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy,
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of jibes and jeers;
He knew he was working for future years.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him and he died.
He said at last, "'Tis comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a
great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find a pleasant
rest;
And they often start with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies,

And if they inquire whence came such
trees,
Where not a branch once swayed in the
breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by 'Apple Seed-
John.'"

—Lydia Maria Child.

Crown the Spade

*(A pupil bearing an ordinary garden
spade comes upon the stage and recites.
This spade is undecorated.)*

Crown the spade on Arbor Day
Of every tool the king.
The spade digs up the little tree
We for our festal bring;
The spade makes ready for the place
The little tree must own
When it is from its brothers brought
And coaxed to dwell alone;
The spade then brings the richer soil
And spreads it all around.
And still with kindly services
It often seeks that ground.
Then, while we celebrate the trees
And all their virtues trace,
The spades in holiday attire
Our festival shall grace.

*(This pupil leaves the stage and four
others enter. They carry decorated spades
that look as pretty as fancy ribbons or paper
can make them. Each recites in turn.)*

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
'Tis there that the young saplings grow
'Tis there we may find what we please
When seeking for Arbor Day trees.

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
 With spades on our shoulders we go.
 There fair little trees we shall find,
 And bring them to places more kind.

Away to the forest, ho, ho!
 With merriest footsteps we go

To make a most diligent search:
 'Mong hickory, maple and birch.

Then back from the forest, ho, ho!
 And proudly our gleanings we'll show.
 Perhaps each small Arbor Day tree
 A father of forests may be.

The Four Sunbeams

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
 Shining and dancing along on their way,
 Resolved that their course should be blest.
 "Let us try;" they all whispered: "some kindness to do,
 Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
 Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
 And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
 Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
 And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
 The little hands grasping in vain for the light
 That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
 And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
 Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,
 Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
 And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
 Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
 And loved and caressed her until she was glad
 And lifted her white face again;
 For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
 And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
 And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
 Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
 On hands that were folded and pale,
 And kis-ed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
 That never would gaze on the beautiful light
 Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
 And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
 Four sunbeams sped into the West.
 All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
 Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"—
 Then softly they sank to their rest.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Arbor Day Brevities

Arbor Day was started in Nebraska in 1872. J. Sterling Morton was the founder of it. Practically all of the States and Territories have adopted Arbor Day, and millions of trees are set out every year.

The first public planting of trees in honor of the memory of distinguished people took place in Cincinnati, Ohio, several years ago.

Our country has made a great mistake in cutting down so many trees and spoiling our splendid forests. Trees not only make the earth more beautiful to look at and enjoy, but they do a great deal of good beside.

Forests affect the climate of a country. They prevent extremes of heat and cold, and the sudden changes in weather that spoil the crops.

Forests help the farmers by forming a wall that protects the growing crops.

More rain falls every year in the forests than in the open fields. A portion of this rain is caught by the leaves and held, and then dropped down afterwards to the earth gradually. This is better for the soil than if it all fell upon the earth at once.

The carpet of leaves in the forests makes the earth there like a sponge, and it takes up the rains and melting snows and holds them and lets the moisture down into the soil, little by little. This spongy leaf-mold keeps the earth from freezing so hard there so that it can take up the rain.

Old limbs and trunks of trees and big roots that stand out on the surface stop the water that comes pouring down the hillsides, and slowly fills the springs and rivers.

When the forests are cut down and the ground burned over, the leafy sponge-like mold is burned too, and the melting snows and rainfalls rush down the hills and do great harm.

Large roots of trees will push their way under ground and into rocks and make little hollow places for the water to run through, and that keeps the springs open all the year.

If trees are planted in sandy deserts by and by good soil will be formed, where other things can grow. Then people can live in these places. Trees make the air purer. The leaves take in the impure air which we breathe out. They make it over in their little cells and give it back to us pure air again.

Trees give out a great deal of moisture. A town or city without any trees would be a great deal hotter and drier in the summer time.

The Poets and Arbor Day

(Pupils stand by desks and after naming authors recite the quotations.)

First Pupil—Whittier said:

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all."

Second Pupil—Ben Johnson wrote:

"Not merely growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred years,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear.

A lily of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be."

Third Pupil—Holmes said:

"In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

Fourth Pupil—Morris wrote:

"To me the world's an open book

Of sweet and pleasant poetry;

I read it in the running brook

That sings its way toward the sea.

It whispers in the leaves of trees,

The swelling grain, the waving grass,

And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,

That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

"The flowers below, the stars above,

In all their bloom and brightness given,

Are, like the attributes of love,

The poetry of earth and heaven;

Thus, nature's volume, read aright,

Attunes the soul to minstrelsy

Tingeing life's cloud with rosy light

And all the world with poetry."

Fifth Pupil—Longfellow said:

"If thou art worn and heart beset

With sorrow, that thou wouldst forget,

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep

Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from

sleep,

Go to the woods and hills! No tears

Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Sixth Pupit—Bryan Waller Procter wrote:

"Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that
springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?
What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without a stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours."

The School—

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime."

The Planting Song

(Tune:—"America." See page 62)

Joy for the sturdy trees
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!
The song birds o'er them trill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant where the children play
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale—
Whether to grow or fail,
God knowest best.

Select the strong, the fair,
Plant them with earnest care,
No toil is vain;
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face,
Let in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will His blessings send,
All things on Him depend.
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower.
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

Recipe for an April Day

Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.
Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.
Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

A Chorus of the Flowers

(Six Children)

(Each child carries the flower which he represents.)

First Child—

I am the honeysuckle,
With my drooping head,
And early in the springtime
I don my dress of red.
I grow in quiet woodlands,
Beneath some budding tree;
So when you take a ramble
Just look at me.

Second Child—

I am the dandelion,
Yellow, as you see,
And when the children see me
They shout for glee.
I grow by every wayside,
And when I've had my day
I spread my wings so silvery
And fly away.

Third Child—

When God made all the flowers
He gave each one a name;
And when the others all had gone
A little blue one came,
And said, in trembling whisper,
"My name has been forgot,"
Then the good Father called her
Forget-me-not.

Fourth Child—

A fern, the people call me,
I'm always clothed in green;
I live in every forest—
You've seen me oft, I ween.
Sometimes I leave the shadow
To grow beside the way;
You'll see me as you pass
Some nice, fine day.

Fifth Child—

I am the gay nasturtium,
 I bloom in gardens fine,
 Among the grander flowers
 My slender stalk I twine.
 Bright orange is my color
 The eyes of all to please.
 I have a tube of honey
 For all the bees.

Sixth Child—

I am the little violet
 In my purple dress;
 I hide myself so safely
 That you'd never guess
 There was a flower so near you,
 Nestling at your feet;
 And that is why I send you
 My fragrance sweet.

—*Lucy Whetlock.*

The Tree Planter

We are building for the future;
 Every loyal youth and lad
 In his May-time seed or sapling
 Finds a dwelling green and glad,
 Where the song birds of the morning
 Round their cradle-homes will play,
 And the rain will store its treasure
 For the streams that wear away.

—*Selected.*

Planting a Cherry Tree

Dear little, bright little Robin,
 With your cozy home in view,
 When my tree has grown
 As big as your own
 I'll have this bargain with you,
 If you'll eat the slugs
 And the worms and bugs,
 You may taste of the cherries, too.

Dear old, fussy old Top-Knot,
 You musn't scratch there—shoo! shoo!
 Now just be good
 And act as you should
 And I'll tell you what I will do:
 When the tree grows tall,
 The cherries that fall
 Shall all be reckoned for you

Sweet little baby brother
 Dimple and smile and coo
 For this trim little tree
 I've brought you to see
 I planted on purpose for you,
 When you're of a size
 To eat cherry pies,
 Why, here will be cherries for you

The Pussy Willow

The brook is brimming with melting snow.
 The maple sap is running,
 And on the highest elm, a crow
 His coal-black wings is sunning.
 A close green bud, the Mayflower lies
 Upon a mossy pillow;

And sweet and low, the south wind blows,
 And through the brown fields calling goes—
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
 Within your close brown wrapper stir!
 Come out and show your silver fur!
 Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple-trees,
 The bluebirds will be singing,
 The yellow tassels in the breeze
 Be from the poplars swinging.
 And rosy will the Mayflower be
 Upon its mossy pillow.

"But you must come the first of all;—
 Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call.
 "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
 A fairy gift to children dear,
 The downy firstling of the year,
 "Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

—*Selected.*

We Love the Trees*First Child—*

I love a tree in spring,
 When the first green leaves come out
 And the birds build their nests and sing
 Their sweet songs round about.

Second Child—

I love a tree in summer,
 When in the noon-tide heat,
 The reapers lie in its shadow
 On the greensward, cool and sweet.

Third Child—

I love a tree in autumn,
 When Frost, the painter old,
 Has touched with his brush its branches,
 And left them all crimson and gold.

Fourth Child—

I love a tree in winter,
 Mid snow and ice and cloud,
 Waving its long, bare branches
 In the north wind wailing loud.

All—

Let us plant a tree by the wayside,
 Plant it with smiles and with tears,
 A shade for some weary wanderer,
 A hope for the coming years.

—*Lucia M. B.*

The Value of Our Forests

(The pupils come on the stage one at a time and recite, showing the article about which they speak and give motions.)

First Pupil (carrying a bunch of toothpicks)—A toothpick is a little thing, yet it is reported that one factory uses 10,000 cords of wood annually in the production of the splints of wood.

Second Pupil (carrying a box of pegs)—Shoe pegs are small affairs; yet a single factory sends to Europe annually, 40,000 bushels of pegs, besides what it sells in the country.

Third Pupil—A spool is of small account when the thread is wound off; yet several factories use each from 1,800 to 3,500 cords of wood every year in making these articles. Thousands of acres of birch trees have been bought at one time by thread manufacturers for the sole purpose of securing a supply of spools.

Fourth Pupil—Who thinks much of the little friction match, as he uses it to light the lamp or fire, and then throw it away? But one factory, it is said, makes 60,000,000 of these little articles every day, and uses for this purpose 12,000 square feet of beech pine lumber.

Fifth Pupil—Forests affect the climate of the country; influence the rain of a country, build up a wall and protect the crops; they keep the air pure. The leaf-mold in the forests holds back the rains. We draw \$700,000,000 worth of products every year from the trees. No other crop equals this in value.

All—

“The groves were God’s first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.”

Winter Storms Have Passed Away

(Air: “Auld Lang Syne.” See page 112)

The winter storms have passed away
And spring time now is here
With sunshine smiling all around,
And heavens blue and clear.
The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
And make her garden gay;
They give a cheery greeting bright
On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,
Each its melodious lay,
And music swells each little throat
On this, the Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves
On this, the Arbor Day,
And welcome now the chosen tree
Which we shall plant today.

—Ellen Beauchamp.

Bring Flowers

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror’s path!
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath;
He comes with spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot’s track
The turf looks red where he won the day.
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror’s way!

Bring flowers to the captive’s lonely cell!
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,—
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,

And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth. Bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth
Her place is now by another's side.
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,—
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers!

—Mrs. Hemans

Amy Stewart

There was once a little girl named Amy Stewart who liked to play all day in the garden among the flowers and birds. She said they talked to her.

One day her mother said, 'You are old enough now, Amy, to do a little work, and you must begin to be industrious.'

'O mamma! I do not like to work; may I out go into the woods and play before I begin to work?'

'As I have nothing ready for you to do just now, you may go a little while,' said her mother.

So Amy ran out of doors. A pretty gray squirrel ran across her path, and she called to him, saying,—

'Dear Squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts, have you?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Squirrel. 'I have a large family to support, and I am busy laying up nuts for the winter, so I cannot stop to play with you.'

Just then a bee came buzzing by. Amy said, 'Little Bee, do you have any work to do?'

'It seems to me I have no time to do anything but work, getting honey and making the honey comb.'

Amy now saw an ant carrying a crumb of bread.

'Is not that crumb too heavy for you? I wish you would drop it and play with me.'

'It is heavy, but I am too glad to get it not to be willing to carry it; but I will stop long enough to tell you about a lazy day we once had. Our house was destroyed and I was too lazy to help rebuild it; and I said to my brothers, 'Let us go and travel; perhaps we will find a house ready-made; perhaps the butterflies will play with us. We traveled a long way, but we found no ready-made house, and at last were obliged to build one for ourselves. Since then we have been contented to do all the work that we find necessary.' The ant then picked up the crumb of bread and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and thought "It seems to me all creatures have some work to do, and they seem to like it; but I do not believe flowers have anything to do." So she walked up to a red poppy and said:

"Beautiful red poppy, do flowers work?"

"Of course we do," said the poppy. "I have to take great care to gather all the red rays the good sun sends down to me, and I must keep them in my silken petals for you to use, and the green rays must be untangled and held by my glossy leaves, and my roots must drink water, my flowers must watch the days not to let the seed-time pass by—ah, my child, I assure you we are a busy family, and that is why we are so happy."

Amy walked slowly homeward and said to her mother,—“The squirrels, bees, ants, and even the flowers have something to do. I am the only idle one; please give me something to do.”

Then her mother brought her a towel to hem, which she had begun so long before that she had quite forgotten it. She worked very faithfully, and grew to be an industrious woman, never forgetting that work makes us happier than idleness.—*Anon.*

My Favorite Tree

(If possible, let each pupil carry a branch of the tree he describes.)

First Pupil—I speak for the Elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed about it.

Second Pupil—My favorite is the Maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in autumn, its crimson is so rich one might call it the blush of the woods!

Third Pupil—The Birch is a tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!

Fourth Pupil—What a tree is the Oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy, he pockets the acorns; as a man, he looks at its towering heights and makes it the emblem of his ambition.

Fifth Pupil—The Oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the Pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior and when he is roused to meet the storm, the battle-cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

All—

Hail to the trees!

Patient and generous, mothers of mankind;
Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,
Spring's glorious flowers and summer's balmy tents.
A sharer in man's free and happier sense.
The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand,
The sturdy prophets of a golden land.

—*Selected.*

Pine-Needles

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs
And thimbles made of dew.

—*William H. Payne.*

The Tree We Plant

(Concert Recitation)

A strong, fair shoot from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with his sunshine, and wind and
rain

The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years,
And our children's children around it
play,

Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the trees we are planting on Arbor
Day.

So may our life be an upward growth—
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay;
May every tree bear some precious fruit
Like the tree we plant on Arbor Day.

—*Arbor Day Manual.*

Something Good About Pansies

We have climbed to the top of the old Gray
Peak,

And viewed the valley o'er;
And we started off on our homeward tramp,
A good three miles or more.

The road lay curved like a ribbon of gold
Around the base of the hill,
And the brook gleamed out with a silver
sheen

From thickets near the mill.

But the sun shone warm on the dusty road,
Until by heat oppressed

We wearily stopped at a cottage gate;
The matron bade us rest.

How cool was the shade of the trumpet-
vine,

A spring ran fresh and clear;
The flash and whirr of a jeweled thing,
A humming-bird, was near.

We were sauntering down the garden path,
Repeating kind good-byes,

When suddenly now were our footsteps
stayed,

New beauties met our eyes,
"Will you have some pansies?" the hostess
asks,

"O, thank you, no!" we say;
But the matron is culling the purple blooms,
We let her have her way.

Purple and blue and russet and gold

Those fragrant rich bouquets;

"Ah!" she explains, "of my violets sweet
You have not learned the ways.

There is something good about pansies

That's worth your while to know;

The more they are picked and given away
The more they're sure to grow."

—*Mary A. McClelland.*

The Grand Old Trees

(Tune: "There's Music in the Air."
See page 201)

We love the grand old trees,—

With the oak, their royal king,

And the maple, forest queen,

We to her our homage bring.

And the elms with stately form,

Long withstanding wind and storm,

Pine, low whispering to the breeze,

O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—

The cedar bright above the snow,

The poplar straight and tall,

And the willow weeping low.

Butternut, and walnut, too,

Hickory so staunch and true,

Basswood blooming for the bees,

O, we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees,—

The tulip branching broad and high,

The Beech with shining robe,

And the birch so sweet and shy.

Aged chestnuts, fair to see,

Holly bright with Christmas glee,

Laurel, crown for victory.

O, we love the grand old trees!

The wren and the woodpecker dane'd for life,
The raven waltz'd with the yellow bird's wife,
The awkward owl and the bashful jay
Wish'd each other a very fine day.

Chorus.

The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And presented his bill to the company,
Berries ripe and cherries red,
T'was a very large bill the birdies said.

Chorus.

They dane'd all day till the sun was low,
Then the mother birds prepared to go,
When one and all both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.

Chorus.

Quotations

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning;
Sudden sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

—*Eugene Field.*

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flowers spring low,
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.

—*Swain.*

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The nest for the robin and wren;
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

—*Alice Cary.*

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the willing bee hums merrily by.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Hark, ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from the moon-lit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark! what pain!

—*Maudslowi Arnold.*

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Gladness of woods, skies, waters all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweetest season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June.

—James Russell Lowell.

Don't Kill the Birds

(Concert Recitation)

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That sing about your door
Soon as the joyous spring has come
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live;
And never seek to take the life
That you can never give.

—Colesworthy.

He Didn't Think

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And he gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry
But I didn't think."

Address of the Birds

(An Exercise for Five Pupils)

The Robin—

I am a robin, very brown
And big and plump and smooth and round.
My breast is pretty, bright and red,
And see this top-knot on my head!
I heard the boys awhile ago
Shooting robins o'er the snow,
And flew away in trembling fear
And thought I'd hide from them in here.

The Blue Bird—

I'm a blue bird. Don't you see
Me sitting on this apple tree?
I left my nest an hour ago
To look for bugs and worms, you know;

And now I know the very thing—
That while I'm waiting I will sing.
Oh! beautiful and balmy spring!

The Woodpecker—

I'm a woodpecker—a bird.
Whose sound through wood and dale is
heard.
I tap, tap, tap, with noisy glee,
To test the bark of every tree.
I saw a rainbow stretching gay,
Across the sky, the other day;
And some one said, "Goodbye to rain,
The woodpecker has come again."

The Lark—

I'm the lark and early rise
To greet the sun-god of the skies,
And upright cleave the freshening air
To sail in regions still more fair.
Who could not soar on lusty wing,
His Maker's praises thus to sing?

The Nightingale—

In music I excel the lark,
She comes at dawn, I come at dark.
And when the stars are shining bright,
I sing the praises of the night.

In Concert—

Oh! in a chorus sweet we'll sing,
And wake the echoes of the spring.

—American Teacher.

The Wren and the Hen

Said a very small wren
To a very large hen,
"Pray why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess,
Why an egg, more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren,
"If I laid such a small egg as you, madam,
I would not cluck so loud,
Nor would I feel so proud;
Look at these! How you'd crow if you
had 'em!"

—St. Nicholas.

Song of the Frogs



Early frogs in slushy bogs,
 Hidden safe and snug,
 Now come creeping, softly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! (*short pause*) Ker
 chug!"
 Swiftly leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! Peep-peep!
 Ker chug! Ker chug!"

Later frogs in slushy bogs,
 Hidden safe and snug,
 Now come leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! (*short pause*) Ker
 chug!"
 Swiftly leaping, shrilly peeping,
 "Peep! Per-weep! Peep-peep!
 Ker chug! Ker chug!"

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The North Story of How the Robin Got Its Red Breast

(Let some Child tell this Story)

Long ago, in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

An old man and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out all the people would freeze and the white bear would have the Northland all to himself.

One day the old man became very ill, so that his son had everything to do. For many days and nights the boy bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning. At last he got so tired and sleepy that he could no longer walk.

Now, the white bear was always watching the fire.

He longed for the time when he should have the Northland all to himself.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he stayed close to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor little boy could keep awake no longer and fell fast asleep.

Then the white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet and rolled upon it.

At last he thought it was all out and went happily away to his cave.

But a gray robin had been flying near and had seen what the white bear was doing. She waited until the bear had gone away.

Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live spark.

For a long time she patiently fanned this little spark with her wings.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not give up.

After a while a tiny, red blaze sprang up. Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland.

Everywhere that she touched the ground, a fire began to burn.

So that soon instead of one little fire, the whole Northland was lighted up.

Now, all that the white bear could do was to go back further into his cave and growl.

For now, indeed, he knew that the northland was not all for him.

And this is the reason why the people in the north country love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.—*Flora Cook's Myths.*

How the Woodpecker Knows

Boy at the Window—

"How does he know where to dig his hole,

The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?

How does he know what kind of a limb

To use for a drum, and to burrow in?

How does he find where the young grubs grow—

I'd like to know?

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb

And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.

"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"

He said as down on his tail he sat.

"Just listen to this rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,

With a cherry call and a jumping flight!

He hopped around till he found a stub,

"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!

'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple tree Downy hied,

And hung by his toes to the under side.

"'Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;

It's dry and soft with a heart of punk,

Just the place for a rest—rrrrr rrrrrr-runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two;

Then listen as any bright boy might do.

You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff

In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—*William J. Long in Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Goldfinch's "Afternoon Delight"

The thistles at the country-side

Were ripe; the day was bright

For Mrs. Goldfinch, when she gave

Her "Afternoon Delight."

Arrangements all were perfect;

Her black and yellow dress,

Just touched with white, was elegant;

Her manners were no less.

And oh, the folks invited!

Well, everybody came,

From Tommy-Tip-Up-Teeter-Tail

To some I couldn't name.

Miss Polly Pewee—she was there

With Mr. Grackle-wing;

Miss Oriole, from Baltimore,

Came all the way to sing.

Miss Long-Stilts came from Jersey,

And walked 'most all the way;

Miss Sparrow rode, I understood,

On top a load of hay.

Will you believe it, every one

Had just what he would wish!

Miss Robin had a dish of worms;

For several there was fish.

Miss Pewee had some marmalade
Of moths, and rose leaf tea,
And drank so much she sang "Peet-weet!"
Instead of Pe-wee-ee,"—

Which Tommy-Tip-Up didn't like;
And so Miss Oriole
Set up a song like dripping pearls
And all the wooded knoll

Resounded with the melody;
And every lily-bell
Swung out upon the evening wind
Until the darkness fell.

And then the merry company
Broke up, and I suppose
That every little boy and girl
In all the country knows

That Mrs. Goldfinch, after this,
Put off her yellow gown,
And since that "Afternoon Delight"
She wears a cloak of brown.
—*Herbert Randall.*

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

(An Exercise for Six Pupils)

First Pupil—

"To-whit, to-whit, to-whew
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

Second Pupil—

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay
But didn't take your nest away."

Third Pupil—

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make
But the nest I did not take."

Fourth Pupil—

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine."

Fifth Pupil—

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick."

Sixth Pupil—

"I would not rob a bird"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

All—

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*L. Maria Child.*

Cheer Up

A little bird sings, and he sings all day—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
No matter to him if the skies be gray—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,
And over the ripening wheat;
He answers the lark in the early morn
In cadences cheery and sweet.
And only these two little words he sings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
A message to earth which he gladly brings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And little cares he for the storm or cold
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And when in the winter the snow comes
down,
And the fields are all frosty and bare,
He flies to the heart of the busy town,
And sings just as cheerily there.
He chirps from his perch on my window
sill—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This message he brings with a right good
will—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This dear little messenger can but say,
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

As over the house-tops he makes his way—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
A lesson we surely should heed;
For if we all uttered but one bright word
The world would be brighter indeed!
If only Earth's children would blithely say
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
How jolly a world would ours be today—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

—*Eva Rest, in Child-Life.*

Don't Kill the Birds

E. L. WAITS.

Animato

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds, That sing about your door Soon as the joy-ous
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit-tle birds That play among the trees; 'Twould make the earth a
 3. Don't kill the birds, the happy birds That bless the field and grove; So in-no-cent to

spring has come, And chill-ing storms are o'er. The lit-tle birds, how sweet they sing! Oh! cheerless place, Be- rest of songs like these. The lit-tle birds, how fond they play! Do look up-on, They claim our warmest love. The hap-py birds, the tune-ful birds, How

let them joyous live; And ney-er seek to take the life Which you can nev-er give. not disturb their sport; But let them warble forth their songs Till win-ter cuts them short. pleasant 'tis to see! No spot can be a cheerless place Where'er their presence be.

Warblers and Perchers

A little brown bird sat on the twig of a tree
 A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
 And when he had finished his gay little song,
 He flew down in the street and went hopping along.

A little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop!
 And tell me the reason why you go with a hop;
 Why don't you walk as boys do, and men,
 One foot at a time like a duck or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,
 And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop.
 And he said, "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
 And some birds that hop and some birds that walk.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt, can walk;
 Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
 Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk;
 One foot at a time, that's the way they walk.

"But most little birds who can sing you a song,
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things. That's why
They hop with both feet. They all know how to fly!"

— *The Kindergarten.*

Little Bell

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,
"What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart freely o'er and o'er
Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear:
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she,
Up away the frisky squirrel lies,
Golden wood-fights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he,
Little Bell looked up and down the glade,
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you are not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
 Piped and frisked from bough to bough again
 Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 And shine out in happy overflow
 From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
 Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.
 "What good child is this," the angel said,
 "That with happy heart beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly?"
 Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
 Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!"

—Thomas Westwood.

Merry Little Sparrows

First Child—

Merry little sparrow, God is watching you;
 Who will dare to harm you, in his keeping true?
 God, our Heavenly Father would be grieved with me
 If to any creature I should cruel be.

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

Second Child—

Pretty little bird nest woven with such care,
 Shall I dare to rob it of its treasures there?
 Some poor mother birdie would be so distressed;
 Could I bring such trouble to its little breast?

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

Third Child—

All the little songsters happy lessons teach,
 From their leafy pulpits little sermons preach
 All about our Father and his tender love;
 If I dared to harm them, could I look above?

All—

No, no, no! Let us not do so;
 We would not hurt a little bird,
 No, no, no!

The Bumble-bee

You better not fool with a Bumble-bee!—
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll
see!

They're lazy to look at, and kind o' go
buzzin' and hummin' aroun' so slow,
An' ac' so slouchy an' all fagged out,
Danglin' their legs as they drone about
The hollyhawks 'at they can't climb in
'thout ist a-tumble-un out agin!
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way
In a jim'son-blossom, I did, one day—

An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—
An' "Ooh-ooh! ooh-ooh! Honey! I told ye
so!"

Says the Raggedy Man, an' he ist run
An' pulit out the stinger, an' don't laugh
none,

An' says, "They has been folks, I guess,
'At thought I was prejudfced, more or less—
Yit I still maintain 'at a Bumble-bee
Wears out his welcome too quick fer me!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

If Ever I See

CHILDHOOD SONGS

Allegro.

1. If ev - er I see, On bush or tree, Young birds in pret - ty nest,
2. My moth - er, I know, Would sor - row so, Should I be sto - len a - way:
3. And, when they can fly, In the bright blue sky They'll war - ble a song to me;

I must not, in my play, Steal the birds a - way, To grieve their moth - er's breast.
So I'll speak to the birds In my soft - est words, Ner hurt them in my play.
And then if I'm sad, It will make me so glad, To think they are hap - py and free.

The Scarecrow

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
If somebody would only show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow, tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,

But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
 All the birds flew screaming away in fright.
 The robins, who watched him every day,
 Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright,
 Surveying the monster, began to say,
 "Why should this monster our prospects blight?"
 "He never moves round for the roughest weather,
 He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow:
 Let's all go into the tree together,
 For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"
 So up they flew: and the sauciest pair
 'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
 Selected a spot with the utmost care,
 And all day merrily sang and worked.
 And where do you think they built their nest?
 In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
 That, half concealed on his ragged breast
 Made a charming covert of safety and ease!
 By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
 A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
 The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed;
 'Twas so convenient! they ran no risk!
 Until the children were ready to fly,
 All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
 For nobody thought to look at the Gny
 For a robin's flourishing family!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

I Used to Kill Birds

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
 Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
 I hunted them up in the mountains,
 I hunted them down in the glens;
 I never thought it was sinful—
 I did it only for fun—
 And I had rare sport in the forest
 With the poor little birds and my gun.

One beautiful day in the springtime
 I spied a brown bird in a tree,
 Merrily swinging and chirping,
 As happy as bird could be;
 And, raising my gun in a twinkling,
 I fired, and my aim was too true;
 For a moment the little thing fluttered,
 Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
 And there to my sorrow I found,
 Right close to its nest full of young ones,
 The little bird dead on the ground!
 Poor birdies! For food they were calling;
 But now they could never be fed,
 For the kind mother-bird who had loved
 them
 Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
 I stroked the wee motherly thing
 That could never more feed its dear young
 ones,
 Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
 And I made a firm vow in that moment,
 When my heart with such sorrow was
 stirred,
 That never again in my lifetime.
 Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest;
 Hear him call in his merry note:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings.
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass, while her husband
sings,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food,
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crane;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

—William Cullen Bryant.

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What the Sparrow Chirps

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life's of little value,
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
'Tis very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it 'brodered with gold or purple
Perhaps it would make one vain.

By and by when it is springtime,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Warm and soft for my birdies,
So will I line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
With never a speck to keep.

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we're found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid,
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on the smallest spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father's always watching
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know the dear Lord loves me—
Have you less faith than we?

Bird Quotations

SKYLARK—

The messenger of morn,
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds.

Then piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chick-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces.

—*Emerson.*

"Hear the thrush that carols at dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piney wood."

"Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service."

See yon goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to parting day.

—*John Gay*

Tu whit! tu whoo! All the livelong night
A right gladsome life lead we,
While the starry ones from their azure height
Look down approvingly.

Tu whoo!

They may bask who will in the noonday
light,

But the midnight dark for me.

—*Mrs. Hewitt.*

I'm bobolink! bobolink!
Here and there quick as wink,
Before you can think—

Think! think!

That's bobolink!

—*Adeline Whitney.*

"High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest
green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is
seen."

"Out burst the merry, bright sun, like
gold;
And a robin sung out, so blithe and bold."

A little bird, in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender starred—
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"
And thence the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

—*Trowbridge*

CATBIRD—

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming tree,
This mad-cap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morn-
ning long:

Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering
throat;

But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming
bough,

Drawls out, "Mi-eu! mi-ow!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

The humming bird! the humming bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lies among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight.

—*Mrs. Howitt.*

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